

You Are Too Beautiful

Hawksley Workman

I walked through the airport alone
I looked at my phone 'cause it keeps me company
I called you as I hired the car
to ask you "how far is it there from you to me?"
and I wrote directions on the back of an old magazine
CHORUS:
but you are too beautiful to be in bed with me
yeah you are too beautiful to be in bed with me
if you could see the thoughts I see
if you could see my thoughts baby you'd agree
I write this song lovingly on
an old girlfriend's guitar
that she wants me to return
on the 12th floor you took off your clothes
New York in the snow and our bodies left to burn
soft gentle rebel
let the sun pierce the moments of spring
CHORUS
if you could see the thoughts I see
if you could see my thoughts
if you could see my thoughts baby then you'd agree
'cause you are too beautiful to be in bed with me
'cause you are too beautiful to be in bed with me
if you could see the thoughts I see
if you could see my thoughts
if you could see the face i see
if you could see my face
if you could see my face

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